

# NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

## He Twists Letters Like Mexican Juggling Lariat



WASHINGTON.—Frank B. Willis, the rising young statesman from Wool Town, Ohio, who pulled down the spelling laurels in the recent Press Clubs ladies' night entertainment, had better study up that bluebacked spell, because there's another chap in town who can twist the letters round his tongue like a Mexican greaser juggling a lariat. This same fellow is Wrisley Brown, special assistant attorney general of the department of justice. Mr. Brown sat in the front row at the spelling bee, and wore a sardonic smile upon his face all through the proceedings. Now I understand. He thought the words were too easy. This is easy to prove by looking up the records.

## How John Burroughs Found a Place to Sleep In

JOHN BURROUGHS, accompanied by two well known naturalists, Ernest Thompson-Seton and Glenn Buck of Chicago, was a recent visitor to the capitol. These three men were here to urge the enactment of legislation pending in congress for the protection of birds.

At the capitol Mr. Burroughs gazed with thoughtful eyes directed toward the imposing, glistening white, marble senate office building.

"Beautiful building, isn't it?" he was asked.

"Huh! Yes," was the slow response.

"But," he added, "I would a whole sight rather gaze at a scene I remember so distinctly. I had visited a small hamlet in a state that was 'dry'."

"I looked about, but could find no place to sleep. It took only a few minutes to traverse the settlement. There was only one place where a light could be seen. The nature of the business being transacted there was apparent to all who cared to understand. It was a so-called 'blind tiger'."

"Seeking rest there was out of the question, but I was tempted to enter and ask for information. As I was hesitating, a faint light in a building opposite showed, and in a few minutes the form of a man, partly dressed, appeared in the doorway and began

that his views were greeted with loud guffaws. In conclusion he said: "They laughed, Mr. President," he wrote, "at the profundity of their own ineptitude."

The letter was referred to the department of justice, and Wrisley Brown was asked to prepare an indictment for it. There was a scream of laughter when Brown turned in a burlesque opinion, couched in words which outranked the professors' ten to one. They say President Taft chuckled all day over it. And as for big words—just watch!

"After careful reflection," wrote Wrisley Brown, "I concur in the physical theorems herein deduced by the complainant. His conclusions regarding the auto-suggestion of crime are fully borne out by the history of human experience. Its insidious effect upon the mind has a pronounced tendency to bring on aboulomania or credulism of the will power, combined with a choreic condition of the faculties."

"In some cases it has even been known to induce katonian or some more serious dissociation of the mental elements of a lucetic character and furbid developments such as, for instance, confusional encephalomalacia. "The application of the third degree annihilates the inhibitory powers of the average victim and plunges him into a state of volitional hypnosis, thereby breaking down the fundamental doctrine of free agency. All the principles of abstract justice rise up and shout against it with a thousand throats."

## HOPEVILLE'S BOOM

Town Failed to Get the Railroad, but Prosperity Came Another Way.

By GEORGE ELMER COBB. "We've missed it! We're nothing but a way-back settlement now."

Thus Jared Bross, of the board of trustees of the neat, picturesque, but isolated town of Hopeville.

"You mean the railroad has missed us," corrected Phillip Dawes, president of this same board of trustees. "Well, gentlemen, that shall not prevent Hopeville continuing to do itself proud, I trust, as a model village without a blemish."

Very proud of the community he had helped build up was Phillip Dawes, and he spoke with enthusiasm. He had always predicted great things in store for Hopeville. Never a village of fairer location and environment.

A rare trout stream bounded one of its limits, a dream of a lake bounded another. There were hills, dales and lovely undulating meadows, a thrifty farming community surrounding, and the town people ideal, morally, socially and as to their municipal harmony.

"Some day Hopeville will forge to the front," was his optimistic slogan—"some day values will go up, and each man come into his own."

When the new railroad was talked of, old residents began to boost their acres and town lots as to values. Enormous fortunes were figured out. In fancy they saw a busy traffic, crowds of summer visitors, picnickers from the city, scattered farm trade centered at the new shipping



"Trying to Get a Railroad Into Hopeville."

point. Hopes rose high, then they were correspondingly depressed, for the railroad made a detour, and Byron, quite a busy little city eight miles distant, was made the terminus of the new branch line railway.

"Wish I'd settled there as I intended to ten years ago!" grumbled disloyal and disagreeable Jared Bross. "There's some go to Byron. I don't care if they encourage a riff-raff crowd—str and sensation bring in the dollars, don't they?"

"But we don't want the dollars that way," insisted Dawes. "We go in for schools, and rational amusements, and clean, healthy children. Do you ever find any riotous crowds in Hopeville? No, sir!"

Bross had a strong personal reason for being disgruntled with Hopeville. He was a man of some means and his son, Bradley, had married a poor humble girl. The old man had rallied at the secret match, and had promptly discarded his disobedient son. Nellie Horton, whom Bradley had married, was an orphan, but her parents had left her a small farm just out of town. There the wedded pair settled down. It was a poor place, however, situated near a sterile ravine, soil not fertile, and affording a bare living.

"That boy will rue the day he disregarded my advice!" the elder Bross had said one day to Dawes. "Oh, nonsense!" retorted his neighbor, "Bradley is a good boy. The poor young pair have hard scratching, perhaps, but they're happy and contented as two birds in a nest."

"Humph!" commented the iron-hearted father, and went his way sullen and unlovely. So Byron got the railroad and went with it, both good and bad. There was a good deal of grumbling in Hopeville, and in a measure Phillip Dawes looked upon as a disappointing founder and builder. The pride and ambition of the old man were touched. Then he began to plan to retain his prestige. Neighbors noticed that he went to a city fifty miles distant a great deal. Also, that he brought distinguished-looking business men back with him, whom he showed all over the district.

"Trying to get a railroad into Hopeville?" insinuated Bross, somewhat sneeringly.

"Not at all," retorted Dawes, with an enigmatical smile. "We don't want one—why, I intend to explain to you weak street grovelers at the annual."

"The annual" was a time honored institution of Hopeville, and now again close at hand. Every year Phillip Dawes had insisted that the representative residents of the place meet at the town hall to celebrate the founding of the village. Speeches, congratulations, suggestions for civic improvements comprised the features of the program. Then a banquet. Dawes was always the chairman of the functions, and so felicitous was his handling of the various toasts proposed, that he had won the title of "The Cheer Master."

They could hear the distant echo of an engine whistle across the valley as they sat in the town hall on the present occasion. It reminded some of the sore ones of their disappointment.

ment. Dawes, however, was in great fettle that evening, and when the banquet board was reached his buoyant, optimistic air communicated itself to others.

They never had anything stronger than clear, sparkling water at these celebration functions. They had nothing stronger, because in the first place no one seemed to want it, and furthermore the big artesian well that supplied the town ranked third in the state as to purity of outflow, so, as a matter of local loyalty, the toasts were drunk in aqua pura.

"Hopeville—her splendid past and her glorious future," was the toast read.

"Humph!" grumbled Bross, "I think Dawes will have to take a back seat this time."

But Phillip Dawes arose, looking brighter and prouder than he had ever seemed. He took no back water on the buoyant predictions of a past years. He looked quite dazzled as he spoke of the golden stream of good fortune now knocking at their doors. And then they drank the toast. And then most everybody made a grimace, set down the unfinished libation, and looked queer.

"Something the matter with the water, friends?" smiled Dawes. "That's the merit of it. It is Hopeville water, though not from the home well. Gentlemen, you have drank of the soon-to-be-celebrated Lithia-Magnesium water, specially presented to you to introduce the last requirement this beautiful district needed to make it famous."

"Say, what are you driving at, anyhow?" inquired Bross bluntly.

"Just this," explained Dawes. "I reasoned from the fact that the new railroad would open up a popular outing resort somewhere along its line. The noisy railroad has spoiled Byron. Besides, they have no such magnificent scenery as Hopeville, nor a lake, nor a trout stream, nor the model town. Again, tourists like to ride from terminus in a stage—think they're diving into the primeval wilderness. Well, gentlemen, for two months I have been negotiating with wealthy promoters in the city. The deal is closed, a big hotel is to be built at the head of the lake, and people will come to Hopeville next season, dead loads of them."

Voices arose in eager demands for more detailed information. Property and rents would go up! The town stores would quadruple their business! The rich golden harvest was coming at last!

"But what about this horrible 'tasting water'?" queried Bross, with a wry face.

"Pronounced by chemists the most healthful beverage in the world," boasted Dawes proudly, "a true mineral water. When the promoters learned that, they offered ten thousand dollars cash for the spring it came from."

"And where is that?"

"Down in a forgotten corner of that poor, neglected farm your boy lives on over in the ravine. Now, Neighbor Bross, as all the town is happy over the grand general prospects ahead of us, suppose you go down to the ravine farm and congratulate your son, Bradley, and his wife on their share in the general good luck?"

And thus it was that the name of the popular Cheer Master became a household word in Hopeville for all time to come.

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## Three Birthdays Yearly.

There is apparently plenty of fun for the child in Sweden in the matter of birthdays, but the parent can hardly be expected to feel the same, for the children there do not confine themselves to one birthday, but they must have three.

Of course, the first one is the real birthday, and the other two are those whose names the Swedish boy or girl bears.

For every day in the year of the Swedish calendar has its own separate name, besides the weekly names which other nations have. Sometimes if the parent gives the child a second name or a first one that cannot be found in the calendar the child loses out on one birthday. And considerable protest must follow, too, when the child becomes old enough to realize what he is missing.

In the German calendar every day has a name also, but the observance of these days is not at all common in the latter country.

## Apples Near and Yet So Far.

No other product of the soil needs more reform in selling methods than apples. A certain western grower traced a shipment to the consumer in order to find out what that worthy individual paid for his product. This investigation brought to light the interesting fact that the apples had passed through no less than five hands before reaching the consumer, and while the grower had received only 85 cents per bushel box for them they had been retailed to the consumer at \$4.50 per box. For this reason we have, every season, apple orchards full of rotting fruit, while the cities are full of hungry people who would gladly buy this product if the price was right—Farm and Fireside.

## Following Up the Fads.

Sharp—Draper—What are you at now?

Bookkeeper—Making out Mr. Bullion's bill.

"All right. Charge him an extra \$20 for sundries."

"Hadn't I better put in the items?"

"There are no items. They weren't bought."

"My goodness! He'll say we're swindlers."

"No, he won't. He won't say a word."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, kleptomaniacs is a very fashionable now, and he'll think his wife has got the sundries."

## Science or Sense.

A London brain specialist says that of two women one will dress from the desire of self-display and the other will be actuated by an esthetic sense. It is to be feared that the distinction between the flashy and the sensible is not confined to one sex, though it may be more noticeable there.

## SPLENDOR OF ALPS

Gorgeous Coloring of Peaks at Sunrise and Sunset.

Phenomenon is Most Complex, Varying Greatly With the Weather, and at Times Exhibiting Features That Appear Mysterious.

London.—Everybody who has sojournd among the Alps, or other snowcapped mountains, must have admired the gorgeous coloring of the peaks at sunrise and sunset. Watching the splendid spectacle from day to day, that it is a complex phenomenon, varying greatly with the weather, and sometimes exhibiting certain peculiarities that to the uninitiated are decidedly mysterious.

In the weather the following sequence of events may be noted: When the sun has sunk nearly to the observer's horizon, the peaks to the eastward begin to have a reddish or golden hue. This fades gradually, but in a few minutes, when the sun is a little below the observer's horizon, not fed by the sun's rays, but by direct sunlight, an intense red glow begins down the slopes and moves upward to the summits. This is identical with the rosy "twilight arch" that in clear weather rises from the eastern horizon as the sun sinks below the western; and it is bordered below by the blue shadow of the earth. Now, for a few minutes, the peaks are in the earth shadow; their rocks and snows assume a livid appearance, aptly described by the inhabitants of the vale of Chamounix, whence the phenomenon in question are well seen on the summits of Mont Blanc, as the "tinte cadaverose."

Presently occurs the remarkable phenomenon known as "recoloration" or "afterglow." In Chamounix it is called "the resurrection of Mont Blanc." The peaks, from which all color had faded, again assume a rosy tint; but this time gradually, and without any sharp line of demarcation between the glow and the shadow beneath. The recoloration is by no means a daily occurrence—in fact, it is rather uncommon—and it varies greatly in appearance and duration. Sometimes it lasts until an hour after sunset, and it passes away from below upward. Very rarely a faint second



"Resurrection of Mont Blanc."

ond recoloration may be seen. All these phenomena may be seen, in reverse order, at sunrise, though they are less common then than at sunrise. The recoloration of the Alps has been variously explained, but there seems to be little doubt that it is due, at least principally, to the reflection from the peaks of the rosy glow which forms in the western sky after sunset, known as the "purple light," and which is sometimes intense enough to constitute a secondary luminous source. The diffuse appearance of the recoloration, as compared with the well defined zone of rosy light that rests upon the peaks while the latter are still in direct sunlight is explained by the broad expanse of the "purple light" as compared with the small disk of the sun. Sometimes the sky itself (i. e., the fine dust in the upper atmosphere) reflects the "purple light," giving rise to a "second purple light" for an observer situated at a suitable angle of vision. This in turn may be reflected by the mountains giving the rare phenomenon of a second recoloration.

## BATHERS GET A BIG SHOCK

Object They Had Seen Several Days Was Human Corpse—Women Panic Stricken.

Atlantic City.—During the past few days bathers at Ventnor have had their curiosity aroused by a dark object bobbing fantastically against the bulkhead at the foot of Baltimore avenue, and Life Guards Brady and Schwaughammer discovered that it was the body of a man. Panic prevailed among the women bathers as the boat, with its grewsome burden trailing behind, shot through the surf to the beach, and a crowd quickly gathered. The body was removed to an undertaking establishment and was found to be that of a man about fifty years old, well dressed and showing evidence of prosperity. Not a scrap of paper was found in his pockets and all marks had been removed from his clothing, leading the authorities to believe that he had committed suicide.

## MEN GET IMITATION MONEY

Passaic, N. J., Grocermen Carry Bogus Roll in Expectation of Highwaymen.

Passaic, N. J.—Learning from experience when they were held up and robbed of \$150 in genuine money a year ago, Benjamin Goldberg and Julius Verban, partners in a produce business here, have ever since carried a goodly quantity of bogus money around, ready to fool the next highwaymen they encountered. Their chance came when two masked men held up their wagon at the point of revolvers and forced the men to empty their pockets of \$10,000 in bogus bills. The robbers fled, with the grocermen gleeful because their real money—\$150—was safe beneath the wagon seat.

## FEEDING THE CANAL ZONE

By E. W. PICKARD



SCENE IN CRISTOBAL

Colon, C. Z.—In writing or talking about the Panama Canal the superlative degree is very likely to be overworked. The canal itself is the biggest thing of the kind ever undertaken; the locks are unequalled in size; the work of the department of sanitation is the most remarkable ever carried out, and so it goes.

But there is one other feature of the building of the canal that calls loudly for the superlative degree—the commissary department and the way in which it has fed the Zone. Not fed it only, either, but largely clothed it and supplied it with household necessities and even luxuries.

The commissary department is a department of the Panama railroad, which is owned by the United States and of which Chairman Goethals is president. As officially stated:

"The commissary department of the Panama railroad is operated by the subsistence department of the Isthmian Canal commission for the purpose of supplying employees of the Panama railroad and Isthmian Canal commission and their families with foodstuffs, wearing apparel and household necessities, and also supplying food for the hotels, hospitals, messes, and kitchens operated by the Isthmian Canal commission and for the United States soldiers and marines located on the Isthmus of Panama, and ships of the United States navy. It is estimated that the department supplies about 70,000 people daily, computing one dependent for each employee.

"The business of the department for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1912, was \$6,792,355.68, to transact which it is necessary to carry a stock valued at about \$1,000,000."

That sounds decidedly prosaic, but in truth the operations of this great business machine are almost romantic. The vessels of the Panama railroad in unending procession bring to the docks at Cristobal the vast bulk of supplies and as continually these are sent out to the score of stores maintained by the department along the route of the canal and at Porto Bello. Every evening each storekeeper telegraphs to the headquarters in Cristobal the list of supplies of which he is in need, and during the night the cars are loaded. At 3:45 o'clock each morning the long supply train starts out from Colon. It consists of 21 cars, 11 of which are refrigerated, and the food and ice are distributed along the route so that they may be delivered to the quarters of families by 8 o'clock.

In Cristobal is the biggest store of all, and it compares well with the huge department stores of American cities. There may be obtained all kinds of food stuffs, American and European; clothing for men and women, furniture, household wares, supplies for travelers, cigars and cigarettes—indeed almost anything one might call for except intoxicating drinks. Articles from foreign lands, being imported by the government itself, of course pay no duty, and consequently such things as fine English chinaware can be bought there at prices far below those charged in the states. It is said on the isthmus, and generally believed, that the members of congressional junketing parties which from time to time go down to inspect the canal always carry home with them a lot of this choice porcelain.

At the head of the commissary department is the subsistence officer, Col. Eugene Wilson, whose huge physical bulk is well matched by his great executive ability. It would seem that no better man could possibly have been found for the position, for he has in hand every detail of the immense business and it runs like clockwork. Seldom is a complaint heard from even the most exacting of housewives, and when one is registered it is courteously received and the fault, if one exists, promptly rectified.

"Cleanliness before godliness every time" is Colonel Wilson's motto and though it is not posted on any wall, every employee understands that his job depends primarily on his cleanliness. In Cristobal are the great cold storage plant, bakery, coffee plant, ice plant, ice cream plant, corned beef plant, butter printing plant and laundry, and in every one of them the unwritten rule "be clean" is adhered to with the utmost care. Nowhere, if it can be avoided, is there personal contact with the food, and the numerous and ingenious automatic machines are kept scrupulously clean.

Now let's get back to figures, in order to obtain some idea of the magnitude of the commissary department's operations. Take the cold storage plant first. In its 192,330 cubic feet of refrigerated space are kept constantly on hand meat and vegetable supplies for ten days at least, in some instances much more. Hanging in long rows in the icy cold rooms are the carcasses of 400 hogs and hogs and sheep in due proportion. In other rooms, not so cold, are 150 tons of potatoes, and vast quantities of onions, turnips, beets, carrots, cabbages, yams, celery, tomatoes and other vegetables. In yet other rooms are ten tons of poultry, and elsewhere are boxes of fruit without number. And this enormous supply is daily depleted and daily renewed.

Adjoining the cold storage plant is the bakery, in whose immense ovens are baked each working day about

## Calamitous Cessation for Bobby's Little Lamb



IT is an admitted fact that Mary had a little lamb, but it may be news to the general public that Bobby Blank, who lives out Georgetown way, had another. Leastwise, he had, until the other day, when his ownership came to what one might briefly call a calamitous cessation.

Bobby had been week-ending with a little cousin who lives out in the country two hours by wagon, on a hill, off the pike. Little cousin owned a pet lamb, and when the wagon was waiting for Bobby he, somehow, managed to sneak pet off and get away with the goods.

The wise men who make the world go round for us assert that character changes with environment, and it must be so, for, by the time the wagon had wheeled up to the home curb the small white thing that had been as docile as those other dear lambs that skip on the forever-green grass in the way-back spelling book, took on a kiddish butting velocity.

Some time ago there came up, in the senate, a bill on which there was a bitter fight. Straightway several of those senators who have come to be known as "constitutional sharks" leaped to their feet one after another, in high sounding and resounding protest. "Shall we, unworthy as we are, dare to violate either the letter or the spirit of our beloved constitution?" they demanded. "Never—never—not one iota—NEVER!"

Martin listened calmly until all had done. Then he rose slowly and draped himself gracefully over one edge of his desk.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL THOSE CLORIOUS WORDS, SUH, GIVIN' US THE RIGHT TO AMEND—

"Mistah President," said he in his soft drawl, "I yield to no man, suh, in my respect for the Constitution and its framers. They did well. They did nobly, suh—fob their time. But, Mistah President, those gentlemen have been dead mo' than one hundred years, suh, and times, suh, have changed. We've got to remember that, suh."

"An remembering that, Mistah President, what I started to say was this: There are some mighty beautiful things in our Constitution. It's a beautiful work, suh. But, Mistah President, of all the beautiful things in all that beautiful work, to my mind the mos' beautiful of all are those glorious words, suh, givin' us the right to amend."

20,000 loaves of bread, 2,200 rolls and 380 pounds of cake. The coffee department, which roasts and sends out about 300,000 pounds of the roasted berry each year, receives the especial attention of Colonel Wilson, for he is himself a great coffee drinker. He personally makes up the formulas for the blends, and as something of a coffee connoisseur myself, I can testify that he knows what he is about when he does it.

The people of the zone, white and black alike, are very fond of ice cream, and to supply the demand the commissary manufactures about 140,000 gallons a year, of three grades. The first grade is as good ice cream as one can get anywhere, and even the third grade is mighty welcome after a hot day in the Culebra Cut or the Pedro Miguel locks.

Are you tired of figures yet? If not, please consider that the ice plant at Cristobal makes nearly 40,000 tons of ice a year, the corned beef plant has an annual output of about 270,000 pounds, and that almost 335,000 pounds of butter is handled by the butter printing plant, all of the butter being brought from the United States. Then we will move to the laundry. In this spacious building, with its long rows of washing machines and drying and ironing devices, all the laundry work of the Zone, excepting that of the Ancon hospital, is done, and in addition that of all the steamship lines running to Colon except one. "We are now handling," said the manager, "an average of about half a million pieces a month, and in the months when the tourists come in greatest numbers the figures mount to about 800,000."

The figures I have been giving are approximate only, for they are changing continually with changing conditions. Here is a list of some of the more important importations of food products during the last fiscal year:

	Pounds.
Peas and beans in bulk.....	1,165,903
Sugar.....	4,154,587
Tea.....	199,155
Preserved fruit in syrup in tins and glass.....	887,172
Jams, jellies and preserves in tins and glass.....	249,824
Milk, evaporated and condensed.....	3,605,530
Peas and beans in tins.....	534,375
Pickles and sauces.....	185,391
Lard.....	618,880
Codfish.....	1,067,718
Rice.....	1,947,822
Flour.....	6,509,325
Confectionery.....	115,997
Macaroni, vermicelli and spaghetti.....	428,517
Cured, canned.....	200,442
Fresh meats.....	8,451,138
Cheese and pickled meats.....	976,445
Chickens.....	142,756
Butter, fresh.....	457,683
Poultry.....	653,590
Potatoes, sweet.....	1,842,692
Potatoes, white.....	1,947,822
Onions.....	896,530
Turnips.....	125,310
Carrots.....	135,356
Cabbage.....	677,234
Yams.....	300,045
Other vegetables.....	745,527
Apples.....	916,422

As will be readily understood, the commission is able and willing to sell food at very little above cost. Consequently the housewife on the isthmus can buy at prices that are never above those in the states, and that nearly always are considerably lower.

An important part of the commissary plant is the industrial and experimental laboratory in Cristobal, where all the foods are tested and many things, such as flavoring extracts, are manufactured.

The commission conducts more than a dozen hotels for white Americans, where good meals are furnished for 30 cents each; a score of mess halls for European laborers, where a day's board costs forty cents, and about twenty-five kitchens for West Indian laborers, where board costs thirty cents a day. Something like a million meals are served each month in these various establishments, for nearly every employee of the commission eats at a government table. It has been said that no private contractor in the world feeds his employees as well as the Isthmian canal commission. Very few of the men ever ate better meals than they are getting on the isthmus, and this is true of the Americans as well as of the Spaniards and West Indians.

No, you cannot avoid the use of the superlative degree in speaking about Colonel Wilson's commissary department.

## Oiler Has Cure for "Blues."

A perfect cure for the "blues" has been laid down by Sir William Osler in a recent lecture before a gathering of students. Sir William declares the modern man and woman are trying to live more than the allotted 24 hours in a single day.

He advises the downcast to touch the button that shuts off the past and do the same with the future. "Make 24 hours the limit of your life, so far as you can see in advance," he says, "and there will be no more cause for the 'blues'."

"When the load of yesterday is added to the load of tomorrow men fall by the wayside," he declared. "The day of man's salvation is today."

## Foxes for Pets.

To avoid the dog tax of 40 marks yearly, an animal dealer in the Invalidenstrasse, writes the New York Herald's Berlin correspondent, advertises tame foxes as pets. He sells them at 6 1/2 marks each, and hopes to do a lively business. The authorities are not empowered to apply the tax or new muzzle law to tame foxes.